

## SAFE, GENTLE REMEDY CLEANSES YOUR KIDNEYS

For centuries GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil has been a standard household remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and stomach trouble, and all diseases connected with the urinary organs. The kidneys and bladder are the most important organs of the body. They are the filters, the purifiers of your blood. If the poisons which enter your system through the blood and stomach are not entirely thrown out by the kidneys and bladder, you are doomed.

Weakness, sleeplessness, nervousness, dizziness, backache, stomach trouble, headache, pain in loins and lower abdomen, gall stones, gravel, difficulty when urinating, cloudy and bloody urine, rheumatism, sciatica and lumbago, all warn you to look after your kidneys and bladder. All these indicate some weakness of the kidneys or other organs or that the enemy microbes which are always present in your system have attacked your weak spots. GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules are what you need.

They are not a "patent medicine," nor a "new discovery." For 200 years they

have been a standard household remedy. They are the pure, original imported Haarlem Oil your great-grandmother used, and are perfectly harmless. The healing, soothing oil soaks into the cells and lining of the kidneys and through the bladder, driving out the poisonous germs. New life, fresh strength and health will come as you continue the treatment. When completely restored to your usual vigor, continue taking a capsule or two each day; they will keep you in condition and prevent a return of the disease.

Do not delay a minute. Delays are especially dangerous in kidney and bladder trouble. All druggists sell GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. They will refund the money if not as represented. GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules are imported direct from the laboratories in Holland. They are prepared in correct quantity and convenient form, are easy to take and are positively guaranteed to give prompt relief. In three sizes, sealed packages. Ask for the original imported GOLD MEDAL. Accept no substitutes.—Adv.

**Remarkable, Indeed.**  
The other evening the little girl in question suddenly seeing one of Charleston's "finest" coming down the street, said to her mother:

"Oh, mother, did you know that policemen have wives?"

"What's that, dear?" queried the mother in a tone that implied to the child's ears disbelief.

"Well, they have," said the little one, "cause I saw a woman and she was a policeman's wife. I didn't know they had wives either until I saw her."—Charleston (W. Va.) Mail.

**Short and to the Point.**  
If you cannot digest fruit, do not blame the fruit, blame your stomach. If you cannot digest what I write, do not blame the writing, blame your brain.—Los Angeles Times.

Plenty of exercise, fresh air, regular hours—is all the prescription you need to avoid Influenza—unless through neglect or otherwise, a cold gets you. Then take—at once



Standard cold remedy for 20 years—in tablet form—safe, sure, no opiates—breaks up a cold in 24 hours—relieves grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. The genuine box has a Red top with Mr. Hill's picture. At All Drug Stores.

**Don't Ruin Your Cows**  
By Neglecting a Retained Afterbirth  
Few cows die but many are ruined by such neglect. Give DR. DAVID ROBERTS' Cow Cleaner

before and after freshening. It will positively prevent and overcome this trouble. At our dealers or Postpaid \$1.00. Consult DR. DAVID ROBERTS about all animal ailments. Information free. Send for price list of medicines and get a FREE copy of "The Cattle Specialist" with full information on Abortion in Cows. DR. DAVID ROBERTS VETERINARY CO., 100 Grand Ave., Waukegan, Wis.

**One Treatment with Cuticura Clears Dandruff**  
All druggists; Soap 25¢, Ointment 25¢ & 50¢, Talcum 25¢. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. 2, Boston."

**PATENTS** Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Books free. Highest references. Best results.

**PARKER'S HAIR BALM**  
A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For restoring color and beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

W. N. U., ST. LOUIS, NO. 10-1919.

Out of Pain and Misery to Comfort!

# WHOLE DAY SAVED!

A day or night's suffering is often saved those having "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" handy

Safe to take! Such quick relief! So why suffer?

For Headache	Rheumatism	Joint Pain
Neuralgia	Gout	Teeth Pain
Toothache	Lumbago	Stiff Neck
Colds	Backache	Earache
Influenza Colds	Sciatica	Fever
Grippe	Neuritis	Pain! Pain!

Proved safe by millions! American owned!

Adults—Take one or two "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" with water. If necessary, repeat dose three times a day, after meals.

**Bayer Tablets OF Aspirin**  
The "Bayer Cross" on Genuine Tablets

20 cent Bayer packages—also larger Bayer packages. Buy Bayer packages only—Get original packages.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocetate of Salicylic Acid

## The Round-Up

By ROBERT W. CREEL

(Copyright.)

How he came to be braking on the C. I. W. it would be impossible to say. It is doubtful if Legs Brown himself knew. He was a boomer brakeman, and, as such, he traveled by no schedule whatever. To ordinarily find him at any given time, you might inquire on any railway division in America with an equal chance of success.

He reminded you of that insect whose amiable disposition and attenuated appearance have won for it the sobriquet of "grand-daddy-longlegs." Hence, Brown's own nickname. Notwithstanding his fragile proportions, however, when occasion arose he could wield his huge fists with force sufficient to fracture a jaw-bone or drive a man's ear into the side of his head—a fact that had been demonstrated to the sorrow of more than one belligerent hobo.

As the long train of flat cars writhed in and out among the sand hills, Brown, stationed a short distance ahead of the caboose, was the only person visible.

At the last stop, Murphy, the conductor, had received a telegram warning him to be prepared for an attack when they entered Sandville. A large number of hoboes were gathered there and had taken possession of the town, explaining to the unhappy citizens the necessity of majority rule, if the republican form of government was to be maintained in the land.

Previous experience similar to this had detracted from the novelty of the situation for the few inhabitants of Sandville; but the hoboes were becoming bolder, and spoke of capturing the next train that came thither for the purpose of making their escape. Whereupon the station agent had grown alarmed and sent the telegram.

Among his other characteristics, Brown was intensely loyal to the road that chanced to employ him. Any action such as that contemplated by the hoboes was resented as a personal affront. Furthermore, at this particular time he knew that the president of the road was but a few hours behind in his special, and Brown deemed it his duty to do all in his power to prevent any unpleasantness when the great man should arrive.

Therefore as they drew near the little hamlet he returned to the caboose and conferred with the conductor.

"They's no use runnin' clear in, Jim. You better stop on the edge of this here metropolis while I go in an' reconnoiter the force of the enemy, as they say in the army."

"I wouldn't advise you to go alone. Legs. You can't tell what those boys'll do if they're drunk."

"Why, Jim, you know them fellers're like sheep. The only reason I can see for 'em actin' like this is because they got a leader. If that's the case, all I got to do is to sling him around like he didn't cost much, an' that'll take the fight right out of 'em. Besides, if a bunch of us go in, they'll get ready for trouble."

"All right, you can go while we stop for water. That'll give you time to see what they're up to."

So it was that, on foot and unaccompanied, Legs Brown ambled into the captured town. He had no doubt as to the location of the triumphant hoboes, for, though it was now almost dark, the only place that showed a light was the saloon, and to this he directed his steps.

At the bar stood a swarthy, well-set fellow, whose curly hair and high cheekbones, together with the peculiar formation of his head, marked him as a native of Poland. This worthy was the most boisterous of the lot, but Brown thought it hardly likely that he was the leader, giving him scant attention, therefore, as he strode forward and ordered a drink.

"Here, ye rube, ye better ask me fer what ye want, 'r I'll break ye in two," said the tramp aggressively, pausing in the act of raising a glass to his lips. Brown, reaching for his own drink, seemed not to hear the words, but his prodigious foot, as if released from a spring, suddenly swept up, and, striking the other's hand, threw the glass, with its contents, into his scowling face.

A storm of laughter arose from the onlookers, who swore, with mighty oaths, that it was the funniest thing they had ever seen. The victim, however, laughed not at all, but bellowed with rage and pain as the fiery liquid seared his eyes, and repeatedly yelled for Brown to come near.

Not desirous of being masticated, nor yet willing to move out of the way of the Pole, who was blindly groping for him, Brown chose the only alternative, and smote him squarely between the eyes, so that he crumpled up on the floor. Then, turning to the man's comrades, he bronched the business of the evening.

"I want to tell you dirty bums that I'm going to take charge of this here city government from now till I leave. If any of you've got anything to say, why, you can step up and say it. You might be able to bluff these poor devils that live here, but I've seen too many does not to know what you're made of. You're all under arrest, an' the first man that moves'll get plugged." The brakeman placed a hand in his hip-pocket, which, by the way, held nothing but his red baudanna handkerchief.

"Now, I want to see the man that's at the head of this outfit. Who put you up to this job?"

Following a sound of shuffling footsteps, the illustrious leader himself appeared in the doorway. Bully Hackett's visage was one of those of which the worst dreams are made. While it was rendered somewhat vacant by the absence of his nose, one of his eyes, and the major portion of his upper lip—unwilling sacrifices to the god of war—his expression lost none of its ferocity on that account, and his shaggy hair and beard gave him a look that was scarcely human.

Mr. Hackett had been engaged on a private foraging expedition, and knew nothing of the happenings within the saloon, nor saw the brakeman, as he came toward the bar.

"Wot's the matter?" he inquired savagely. "Didn't ye see that freight pull in?"

By way of attracting his attention, Brown struck him smartly on the part of his face formerly occupied by his nose.

"Yes, an' she'll lay there till she rots, if she waits fer you to take her out. By the time I git through with you, you'll be ready to crawl in your hole," said the brakeman. He had seen the train crew gathered in the shadows outside the door and now had little to fear from the other hoboes.

"Better take off your coat, because I'm not a-goin' to knock you out. I'll make you quit like a dog, so the rest of these gents'll see what you are," stated Brown, removing his own outer garment.

Hackett waited not for further advice, but lashed out so viciously with his right arm that Brown was taken unawares, and had it not been for the bar at his back, he would have gone down ignominiously. Even so, he was in an evil plight, for the tramp, seeing his opportunity, rushed in, raining blows on the face and body of his opponent.

Then, indeed, did it seem that the brakeman had been overconfident in his boasting. The other hoboes shouted encouragement to their champion, and the train crew were only restrained from joining in the fight by the conductor, who continued to voice his belief in Brown's prowess.

Veteran of a hundred battles, Brown's first move was to stop the falling arms. This he did by the simple expedient of twining his own about them. Gradually, with the apparent sinuosity of a boa constrictor, he wrapped his limbs about those of the other, and for a moment lifted his own feet clear of the floor, making Hackett support the weight of both their bodies. Then, unmindful of his struggles, Brown as carefully freed himself, sending the hobo backward with a solid jolt on the spot where his first blow had landed.

Brown was intent on proving a theory that he had long held, namely, that a man, though inwardly a coward, may fight with seeming bravery so long as the blows of his adversary have not the appearance of being well judged or aimed with accuracy; but that a succession of blows, however light, on a sensitive spot will make him quit if he has the least vestige of a yellow streak.

During the next few minutes, so fiercely did Hackett assail him that the brakeman was almost entirely on the defensive. More than once he felt the impact of the tramp's horny fist on his face, but he still held to his purpose. When the opening offered, his hand flashed out, striking with invariable precision the spot he had selected for his attack.

Hackett manifested his displeasure at this mode of warfare, evidently thinking that Brown acted dishonorably in profiting by the absence of his nasal feature.

For a long time they fought, neither gaining the advantage. Brown was bleeding freely from the mouth, and one eye was fast swelling shut; but his antagonist was also badly bruised, the remnant of his nose being quite raw. Of the two, Hackett seemed the more fatigued. Excessive drinking had made him short-winded, and he breathed heavily. The brakeman now began to force the fighting, striking more often in the same spot. Hackett gave ground and once he glanced back, as if seeking a way of escape.

"Stand up an' fight, why don't you?" panted Brown. "You claim to be the champion bo. Well, I ain't no kind of a champion, an' here you're tryin' to quit before I git warmed up. What kind of fightin' do you call that? Come on an' mix it a little."

But Hackett had had enough. His spirit was gone, and he slunk back into the crowd, whimpering.

"Stop 'im, boys; stop 'im," he pleaded. "My heavens, my mug's broke in! I can't fight no more."

"You don't need to be scared. I'm satisfied," answered Brown. "I knew you was a quitter the minute I seen you, an' I wanted to show you up, so you couldn't lead these dubs into no more deviltry. What'll we do with 'em, Jim?" he asked, turning to the conductor.

"The best thing will be to lock 'em in a box car an' hand 'em over to the sheriff at Rennington," replied Murphy, who was guarding the door.

From the dark recesses of the caboose he had brought forth an old revolver. With it to uphold his authority, the erstwhile conquerors were placed in line and marched to the waiting train, escorted by the crew.

To Brown, this closed the incident. He marveled greatly, therefore, when there came a commendatory letter from the company's chief executive, together with a small package, which, on examination, was found to contain a gold watch.

"That business must've leaked on some way or other," he remarked thoughtfully.

## CRAMER-MANN COMMISSION CO.

715 North Third St.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

A Square Deal to the Shipper

### SPECIALISTS IN LIVE POULTRY, EGGS, CALVES, WOOL, ROOTS, HIDES

References: Exacted Trust Co., St. Louis, Mo., Dun's and Bradstreet's

U. S. Food Administration License No. G 11537.

Our Combined Capital in Excess of \$50,000.

No Discrimination.

Friend (In Windfall's art gallery—You certainly show excellent discrimination in the selection of your pictures.

Windfall—Discrimination? Not on your life; I'm too broadminded for that! Why, if the price is right, I don't care a dang whether the painter is American, Dutch, Dago, Pole, Bulgarian, Chinese, Eskimo, or even German.

## GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER

Has been used for all ailments that are caused by a disordered stomach and inactive liver, such as sick headache, constipation, sour stomach, nervous indigestion, fermentation of food, palpitation of the heart caused by gases in the stomach. August Flower is a gentle laxative, regulates digestion both in stomach and intestines, cleans and sweetens the stomach and alimentary canal, stimulates the liver to secrete the bile and impurities from the blood. Sold in all civilized countries. Give it a trial.—Adv.

Had Heard It Before.

"Mrs. Wopple, could I persuade you to wait another week for your rent?" "I don't know, Mr. Filibit. How do I know if you'll keep your promise and pay me next week?"

"I'm a gentleman, ma'am."

"That sounds nice, now don't it? My husband calls himself a gentleman. That's why I have to run a lodging house."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Pure blood is essential to Good Health. Garfield Tea dispels impurities, cleanses the system and eradicates disease. Adv.

Concrete Domes.

"Why did you pause in the middle of your speech—to let your words sink in?"

"No," replied the disgusted orator. "I was out of breath. With a crowd like that I'd have to crack their craniums first."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

When Baby Is Teething  
GROVE'S BABY BOWEL MEDICINE will correct the Stomach and Bowel troubles. Perfectly harmless. See directions on the bottle.

It might be well to remember that one little apple did the world more harm than all the cider ever made.

Cure pimples, headache, bad breath by taking May Apple, Aloe, Jalap rolled into a tiny sugar pill called Doctor Pierce's Pleasant-Pillies. Adv.

The further back a man can trace his descent the longer he has been on the downward path.

## All Smoking Tobaccos are Flavored

"Your Nose Knows"

The Encyclopaedia Britannica says about the manufacture of smoking tobacco, "... on the Continent and in America certain 'sauces' are employed ... the use of the 'sauces' is to improve the flavour and burning qualities of the leaves."

Your smoke-enjoyment depends as much upon the Quality and kind of flavoring used as upon the Quality and aging of the tobacco.

Tuxedo tobacco uses the purest, most wholesome and delicious of all flavorings—chocolate! That flavoring, added to the finest of carefully aged and blended burley tobacco, produces Tuxedo—the perfect tobacco—

"Your Nose Knows."



Try This Test: Rub a little Tuxedo briskly in the palm of your hand to bring out its full aroma. Then smell it deep—its delicious, pure fragrance will convince you. Try this test with any other tobacco and we will let Tuxedo stand or fall on your judgment—"Your Nose Knows."

# Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco for Pipe and Cigarette

Guaranteed by The American Tobacco Co.